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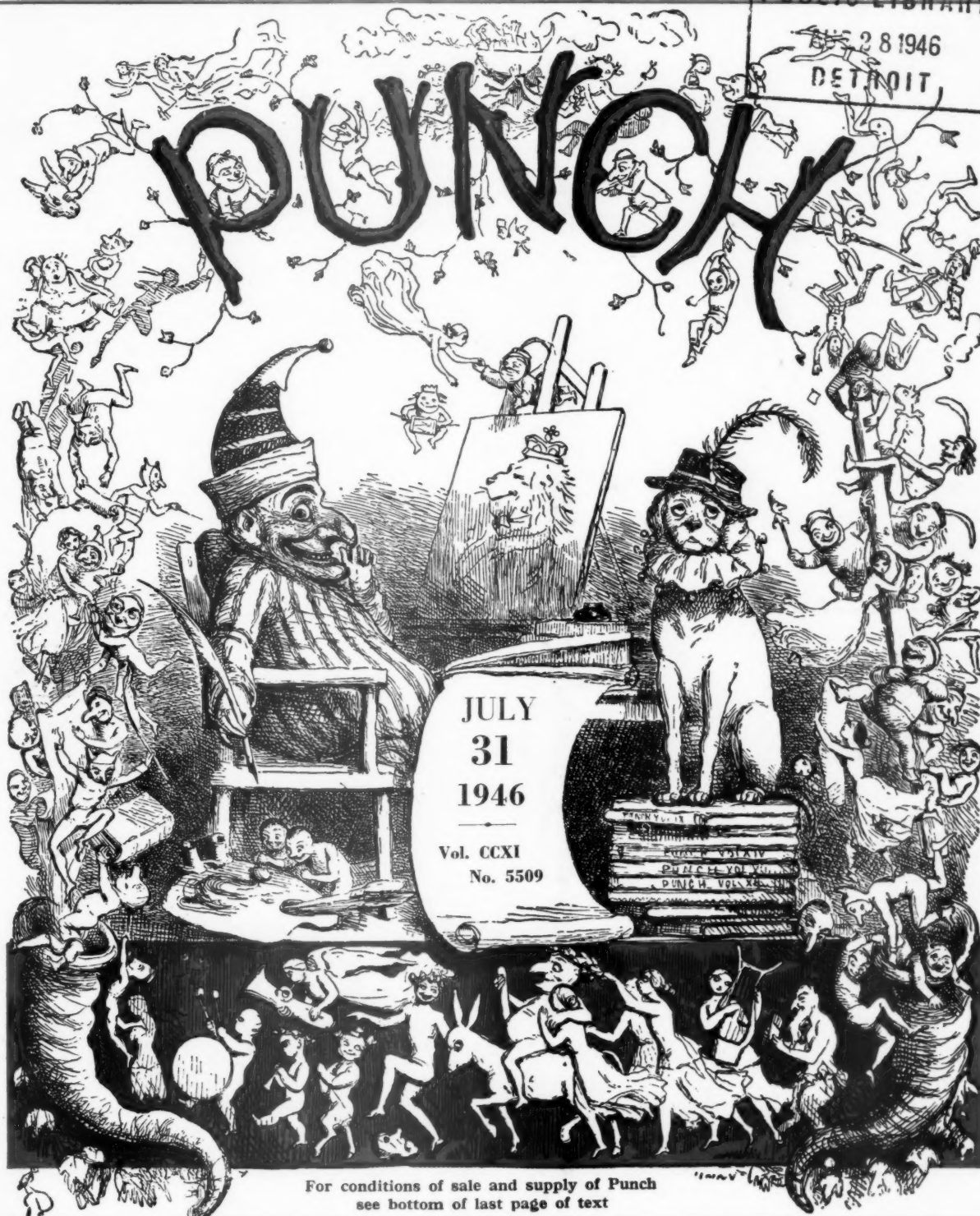
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*I'm
Growing up
the WRIGHT
way*

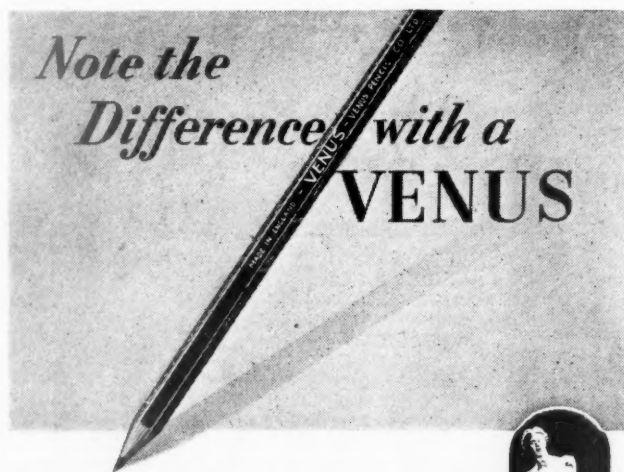


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The World's Perfect Quality PENCIL

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4,000
recruits
join up
this week



With demobilization so much in mind, it is easy to forget that our young men are still entering the Services at the rate of nearly a thousand a day.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. with the Forces must go on for a long time yet. Only the men who depend on them know what our centres—at home and overseas—mean in refreshment for body, mind and spirit.

But young men entering the Services, young men starting industrial careers, young men leaving home for universities and colleges also need the Y.M.C.A.

Help us to answer all these needs as fully as the circumstances demand. Please send us a donation.



Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund, 112, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

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stays on in your handbag!



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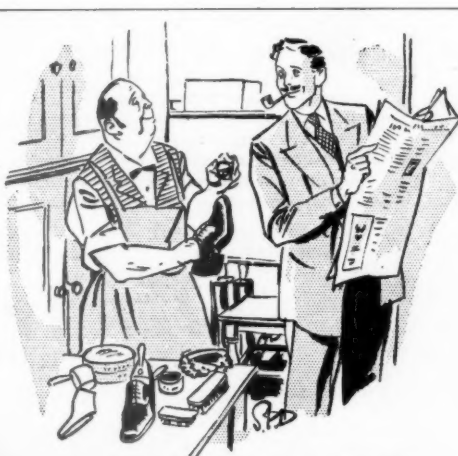
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"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the
breakfast table
you will know that
**The World's Best
Marmalade**
is being made again.
Until then the
Marmalade to buy is

J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.,
Golden Shred Works, London,
Paisley, Manchester, Bristol



VACATIONAL TRAINING

"Where does one go for holidays these days, Hawkins?"

"I presume, Sir, that foreign travel has lost some of its appeal?"

"Yes, Hawkins. Even though landing conditions have no doubt improved since my last visit to the Continent."

"What about Scotland in August, Sir?"

"That's almost as noisy as

Normandy in June."

"Might I suggest your cousin's establishment outside Cookham, Sir?"

"The very place, Hawkins. Open country, fresh air — the river and a certain good fellowship."

"Precisely, Sir. But as a precaution against the presence of the 'certain good fellowship' may I remind you of the absence of Rose's."

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Valstar
"66" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
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in stocking'
is just another
way of saying



Aristoc

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS



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CLOWN**

ANZORA
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MASTERS THE HAIR

..but I've got a tin
of NESCAFÉ!



O happy day when you get a tin of Nescafé! Fragrant, full-flavoured coffee—made instantly—right in the cup. No bother; no coffee-pot to wash up; no messy grounds. Just the enjoyment of grand coffee. Demand still continues to overwhelm supplies, so you may have to be patient. However, here's to the great day when you get your Nescafé!

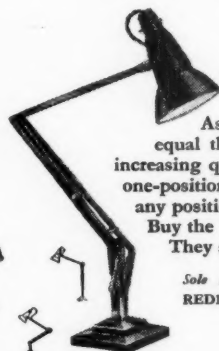
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A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

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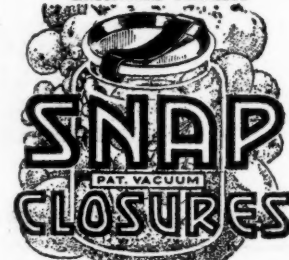


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of twelve, 1 - lb. or 2 - lb. size.
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GRAHAM FARISH LTD.
BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST, KENT
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STILL
CHOOSE
YOUR
BREAD
SO LET IT BE
TUROG
BROWN BREAD**

Difficulty with supplies? Then write to —
SPILLERS LTD., 40 ST. MARY AXE, E.C.3

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always
rely on...**

for



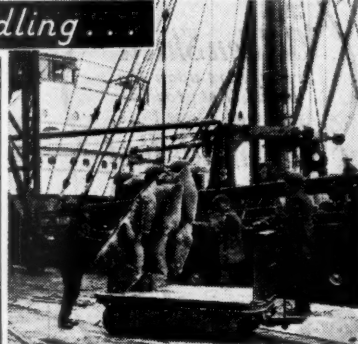
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Handy handling...

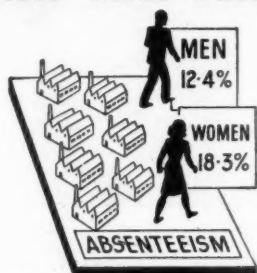
There's nothing like a 'Greenbat' Electric Truck for handy handling of loads at docksides, railway yards, and stations, in works and factories, and wherever their quick manoeuvrability, smooth running, silence and low upkeep costs are valuable assets.



GREENBAT ELECTRIC TRUCKS
GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.
ALBANY, WILMISTON, LEEDS

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Note these Facts



A recent medical test proved that, in the seven firms whose workers were the subject of the survey, Colds and 'Flu caused absenteeism amongst 12.4% of the men workers and 18.3% of the women workers. Colds and 'Flu can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water — so can

**RHEUMATIC PAIN,
NEURITIS, TOOTHACHE,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
AND HEADACHE.**

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get your share. Prices 1/5d. & 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain

'Genasprin'

sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

PRINTED FOR THE
BREWERS' SOCIETY



HAND AND FLOWER

This device in its original heraldic form shows a fleur-de-lys. As an inn-sign, the flower is sometimes a rose, our national emblem and "queen of flowers", or a marigold, symbol of the sun. The name was often adopted by ale-houses in the vicinity of old gardens such as those near Kensington and Chelsea. It is pleasant to reflect that the inn, like the rose and marigold, has sprung from English soil, and will continue to flourish and give pleasure in the days to come.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

Tobacco of TRADITION

Since 1770, men who like their Pipes have liked John Cotton; and today Cigarette smokers of equal discrimination will prefer John Cotton No. 1 Cigarettes — of the same trusted tobacco.

John Cotton Tobacco
Nos. 1 & 2 3/2 an oz.
No. 4 - 2/10 an oz.
Empire - 2/8 an oz.

John Cotton
No. 1 Cigarettes
2/8 for 20



JOHN COTTON

A Trusted Tobacco—a perfect Cigarette

MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1770



The letter Eta
(the Greek long e)
is known by engineers
as the **symbol**
for **Efficiency.**

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for **efficiency.**

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reputation of Philips
electrical products is based on the
utmost efficiency in design, construction
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By appointment to the late King George V



The Tradition

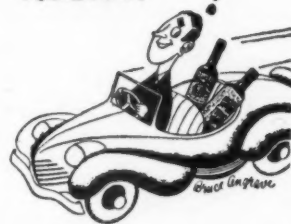
of elegance and good taste which made Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits so popular with the 'Beau Monde' of Eighteenth-Century Bath still survives today. Delicately flavoured and easy to digest, their inimitable quality has never been equalled.

Fortts
ORIGINAL

**BATH
OLIVER
BISCUITS**



MOTOR WITH RELISH



IT'S basic, all this talk about filling up. But we're more concerned with the other kind of filling up—tasty meals! You'll be on the right road for this if you always remember the Yorkshire Relish, Thick and Thin. A speedy by-pass to flavour.

**A NEW
TASTE IDEA**
To give Cornish Pasties and Meat Pies new savouriness, add some Yorkshire Relish—Thin—when cooking

Yorkshire Relish

Made by
Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds
Makers of famous sauces for 80 years

(49)

THE SPIRIT OF PERFECT FITTING



KAYSER LINGERIE
A Kayser Bondor Production

TAILORED WITH *you* IN MIND



"Is it 'I love my T with a B'?" said the White King, "or 'I love a B with my T'?" "Oh, dear" said Alice, "I suppose he means he loves a biscuit with his tea!"

After Tenniel by permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. LTD.

Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits



What a bride was told about her husband.

"IF HE is a little irritable in the mornings," his mother had said, "don't take any notice. It's just that often after a hard day, his digestion is too tired to cope with supper. As you know, one's digestion ought to be resting at night, not working. I should give him a cup of Benger's at supper or last thing. Benger's helps you to digest your food, soothes you and sends you to bed with all the nourishment of a satisfying meal. You sleep well and wake up fresh and fit... try it! Benger's has a delicious flavour."

Why Benger's Food is good for you

There are active enzymes in Benger's Food which partially pre-digest the milk, break up the tough curds. You get the full nutriment of the milk in an easily digestible form with the added nourishment of Benger's itself. Benger's to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. At chemists and grocers, from 1/9 a tin.



Household Milk and Tinned Evaporated Milk both make delicious Benger's. Try it.

Benger's Food Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

'...AND THE SICK ARE SIMPLY LEFT TO DIE'

Hard upon the horrors of war, China must now endure pestilence and famine. Epidemics of plague, smallpox and cholera are spreading. Fifty million people are homeless. In one province alone, 'Ten million people are starving and the sick are simply left to die, due to lack of doctors and medicines'—we quote from official bulletins of the Chinese Ministry of Information.

CHINA NEEDS HELP DESPERATELY

She suffered more deeply than any other nation in war. Now she is paying a heavier price than any other nation for victory. Send a donation to

BRITISH UNITED AID TO CHINA

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

Dept. 23B, 25, CHARLES STREET, LONDON, W.1

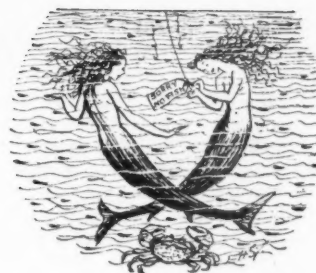
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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXI No. 5509

July 31 1946

Charivaria

KENYA Colony proposes to incorporate ten per cent. of soya flour into its bread. That should just give it a controlling interest.

At a recent boxing match the referee was booed, but on threatening to leave the ring was cheered, and carried on. We seem to have been less lucky in India.



one hundred and forty-eight. Perhaps they had changed some of them for bread units.

We are told that the blacksmith's is a skilled trade and needs perfect timing. A correspondent thinks that the laundry-worker, too, strikes when the iron is hot.

A sports-writer points out that last week the Derbyshire County Cricket team had only thirty-two points, compared with Lancashire's

Astronomers report a star that disappears periodically. They scout the idea that black-out rehearsals have been started as a result of Bikini.

Unwise Virgins

"Three ewe lamps, untrimmed with the exception of squaring tail."
Report of livestock show in Cambridge paper.

We are told that the 'cello was not considered a very suitable instrument for women in Victorian times. Not even played side-saddle?



"The House of Lords will always have its uses," admits a Socialist writer. Ultimately, perhaps, as a Morrison shelter.

Very few people realize, a naturalist points out, that a female fly in the house may lay as many as eight hundred eggs in a month. Those who do realize it are thankful she doesn't cackle.

A schoolmaster remarks that the man with push is in great demand. Except perhaps at doors marked "Pull."



"Brighton and Hove Albion have signed George Gunn, half-back from Cardiff City."

Brighton and Hove Albion have signed George Gunn, a half-back from Cardiff City."

Evening paper.

Making one full-back in all.

According to a Press announcement, the Germany under Control Exhibition is to remain open for another two weeks. The closing date for the Britain under Control Exhibition has not yet been announced.

"Weather forecast for 24 hours beginning noon:—

Light to moderate variable winds; fair with appreciable sunny periods in most places; warm or very warm this afternoon, father warm to-night."

Bristol paper.

Sorry, no beer.

Poetry readings are given on the beach of a seaside resort. Brown-ing weather, the organizers hope, will continue.

Atomic Peace

WHEN I am weary of the wheels of life
Controls and rations and the constant strife,
Of waiting passengers and endless queues
And the inevitable murder news,
Often I dream about the Blessed Isles
Far to the Westward where the Ocean smiles,
The splendour of the star-set night, the noon,
The fringe of coco-nuts, the locked lagoon,
And plan to build myself a bower and sit
And watch the fireflies (*query books of reference*) flit,
And gather species of the finny brood
(*See the encyclopædias*) for my food:
There the vexed spirit may reside alone,
Save for eight records and one gramophone,
And even these encumbrances no doubt,
Through Time, the Gentle Healer, might wear out,
Till Culture was not: no, nor any storms,
Nor filling up of everlasting forms
But all be calm.

Till softly at my feet,
Decrepit portions of a broken fleet
Fall earthward from a thousand miles away,
With cans belonging to the U.S.A.
And bits of goat, and momentarily would rise
Enormous bubbles bursting to the skies,
And plumes of pink-tinged water, and a huge
Cloud like a mushroom or an ombrifuge,
And thuds would rock the deep and, days and days,
The heaven be full of radio-active haze.
Oh to be there! beyond the sunset bars
Checking it all through good binoculars.
Counting the damage to the shattered trees,
And listening to the roar that shook the seas.
Oh to be there! and know that by this blast
All danger to democracy had passed,
And Earth was safe, through man's ingenious brain,
For Scientific Warfare once again. EVOE.

Farewell, Treesa Wonnacott

ALTHOUGH more than a fortnight has passed since Treesa Wonnacott left us I am still unable to think about her without feeling that I am running up a flight of stairs that is crumbling behind me. Sometimes I try to fit her neatly into the scheme of things, but then I find that before long I have to sit near an open window and wait for the world to stop swaying.

Treesa was an impromptu-looking woman of uncertain age who was sent to us by a domestic agency ten weeks ago with the assurance that she would suit us perfectly—an assurance that we soon realized showed just what the agency thought of us. She arrived late one evening in the middle of a thunderstorm, a metal suitcase in one hand and a rolled umbrella in the other, and she looked as though she had been swimming with her clothes on. "We're very glad you've come," my wife said, trying to seem unconcerned when Treesa shook herself like a spaniel, "but we didn't really expect you in this weather. You'd better go upstairs straight away; your things are wet through." Treesa made a remark then that prepared us a little for the future. "My things are perfectly dry," she said in a slow shrill voice; "these things are my sister's."

She looked at me suspiciously and made sure that her hand-bag was still under her arm. "Are you the husband?" she said. I said yes, I was. Treesa sighed and picked up her suitcase. "I think I'll lie down," she said; "to-day has been enough for me already. I'll be up in the morning at half-past." "Half-past six or half-past seven?" my wife asked, leading the way upstairs. Treesa thought for a while before making a decision. "Or thereabouts," she said. "Good-night."

It didn't take us long to discover that although Treesa looked like a smudged sketch she had very clear-cut likes and dislikes. She adored dogs—"They're so intelligent," she said, "that even if they did talk we couldn't understand them"—and she admired cigars because they made a man look up to himself, but for wasps she had a passion that amounted almost to a mania. I got rather tired of hearing her say how clever they were and how nice it would be when the wasp season came round again, and one day I told her so. "I can't understand what you see in them," I said. "They just eat fruit and sting people; they don't do anything useful." "They do useful things for themselves," Treesa said—she implied that she had seen them knitting pullovers and fitting washers on taps—"they don't let themselves be put upon, like those booby-noddled bees. I tell you," she added, looking at me as though I had just popped out of a hive for a moment, "if I were a bee I wouldn't be happy until I'd become a naturalized wasp."

When Treesa was in the mood she could pour scorn on people and things in a hundred ways, but her customary workaday adjective of disapproval was "jazzy." The first time we told her that there would be guests for dinner, I remember, her face clouded over like a bathroom mirror. "That means jazzy cooking, I suppose," she said, shuddering at something she could see in her mind's eye; "my poor Uncle Charley used to like jazzy cooking too." "And what happened to him?" I asked, fearing the worst. Treesa gave a brittle laugh and began to peel some potatoes. "Oh," she said, "he still thinks he's all right."

But Treesa's dislike of elaborate meals was as nothing compared with her distrust of the radio. I was not aware of this until one day I asked her if she would mind turning the set in her room down a little. "We find it difficult to sleep through the doomp-doomp-doomp of the late dance music," I said. "You find it difficult!" Treesa said. "D'you think I enjoy the thing rattle-tootling at me?" Then why in heaven's name, I asked, didn't she switch it off? Treesa looked at me as though I were six inches high. "It's been like that since your wife turned it on," she said; "you won't catch me monkeying with it. People get shocks and die from wireless, hundreds of them. I know." I changed my position so that I had my back to the light, and remarked that the newspapers had never printed anything about wireless killing hundreds of people. "Of course they haven't," Treesa said; "they're not fools."

I led her to our set and switched it on and off a dozen times. "You see?" I said; "I didn't get a shock." "You didn't feel one," Treesa said, "just like my sister didn't feel anything when she got dia-beatrice, but I know what it does." "I suppose your poor Uncle Charley monkeys with the wireless too," I said, the sound of cracking nerves clearly audible in my voice. "Of course!" Treesa said. "But then he's been eating jazzy cooking for years. It all links up, you know." She turned to go to the kitchen. "I've always cooked by gas," she said, "and I'm quite prepared to wait until I can listen by gas." "But you use the electric light," I said, "don't you?" Treesa's expression showed that she knew what was the matter with me and



GENTLY ROUND THE CORNERS
OR
IRENE RETURNS



"Look, Mum—burglars!"

that she wished I knew too. "I don't suppose I would understand some of the things you know about, either," she said.

We were never able to discover what Treesa had been doing before she came to us. When we asked her for references all she showed us was a crumpled sheet of paper on which was written, "Miss Wonnacott has been employed by me during the past twelve months." "Why is it incomplete?" my wife said. "What happened?" "The gentleman who was writing it had to leave suddenly," Treesa explained. I had my own ideas about where he had been taken. "Did he have a wireless set?" I asked. "He did," Treesa said, "but I don't know if they let him keep it."

The news of Treesa's engagement came as a complete surprise to us, for she had never referred even vaguely to a romantic entanglement. We were having breakfast one morning when she told us quite casually that she was getting married on the following day. "But why didn't you let us know before?" my wife said. Treesa had an answer ready. "I wasn't certain," she said.

We had a letter from her this morning. She calls us "Dear Both," and thanks us for the present, which she hopes to be able to find a use for. "I knew my hubby when he was eleven," she goes on to say, "and he hasn't changed a bit." He will, though, he will. He'll probably finish up as I am now—sitting quietly by an open window, waiting for the advent of the gas radio.

The Creed

THE world has a touching faith in cream.
Here is my heart, you say, that finds no rest,
Runs like a little hunted hare, hard pressed.
Here is my mind that bears a thousand scars,
My soul that blindly seeks the fading stars,
My cold cold life, my lovely dying dream!
All that you need, they say, is *lots* of cream.

The world has a touching faith in air.
It seems that when it's changed from time to
time,
Bad becomes good, ridiculous sublime,
Love's fever passes or love lives again,
Loss is retrieved, doubt and desire are slain.
Nothing can better Bournemouth for despair,
All that you need, they say, is change of air.

The world has a touching faith in sleep,
In cups of tea and eggs and good red meat,
In folding hands and putting up of feet.
Thoughts do not worry it. Though they pursue,
They dare not ride the road that goes to Looe;
You shall not strive or curse or faint or weep,
If you have cream and change of air and sleep.

V. G.

Flypapers and the American Loan

THE approval by Congress of the U.S. loan to Britain has taken a load off my mind. It means, I am told by my financial expert—the large man I meet in the train to London on Thursday mornings—that lots of things which we are still short of because we've won the war will now become more plentiful. This, I take it, includes flypapers (Washington, D.C. papers please copy).

For there has recently been in my part of the world a grave shortage of flypapers. Unfortunately, however, there has been no shortage of flies; they are apparently in plentiful supply and off points too. As a result, my entire domestic staff paraded before me in a body and said: "Look, darling, you've always been so clever at scroun . . . at bringing things home to me all the time you were in uniform, can you do something about flypapers? There are simply none to be had anywhere, and the Government doesn't allow us so much food that we can afford to share it with, at a rough estimate in the kitchen just now, some seven hundred thousand other mouths."

This of course was a challenge to my manhood. I thought back beyond my uniform days to my cavemen ancestors. When a thing—mammoth steak or a flint arrow-head or whatever it was—was in short supply in the jungle, Ag-Ag the Clot didn't sit around waiting for something to turn up. He went out and Got It. And had the old strain died out? Not on your life. Besides, quite probably all my wife meant when she said there "simply were none to be had anywhere," was that she'd been merely unable to get flypapers in the village shop. I could cover myself in glory with very little real trouble. In fact it was a piece of cake.

So, metaphorically clutching my stone axe, I set off to a market town some miles away determined to buy several dozen flypapers and "surprise the Little Woman."

There were, I realized when I got there, only two difficulties. My first was: *what sort of shop sells flypapers?* I found myself baffled. The grocer said it was the chemist; the chemist said it was the hardware man; the hardware man said it was the oil shop five doors down; the oil shop five doors down was shut and boarded up, and when at last the owner was run to earth he expressed the opinion that flying bombs last year rather than flies this were his trouble.

So I invaded a fresh town and then another and at last realized the second of my two difficulties. This was simply that there really were no flypapers. I had to admit defeat.

Then a day or so later I turned up a little book—*One Thousand Odd Jobs About the House*, or words to that effect. One of the jobs, it seemed, was how to make flypapers; I forget the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. One ounce of powdered resin to three fluid drachms of colza oil, to be heated on the hob, well mixed by stirring and then brushed while hot on pieces of paper.

This immediately revived the old primitive spirit. If Ag-Ag the Clot couldn't Get, he turned to and Made. So once more taking the stone axe from the umbrella stand I set out on another foray in the jungles of the local towns, peering through my tangled eyebrows for a wild chemist's shop.

I found one and bought the doings, but not having a hob I put the mixture on the stove in a jam-pot inside a boiling saucepan. (As a sop to

feminine readers I should explain that my wife of course was out.) It looked very unhelpful from the start. The tablespoonful or so of oil seemed such an infinitesimal drop in the resin, which took hours to melt. And when it did, stir though I might, the compound was still so stiff that, though I'd sacrificed my best paint-brush, I couldn't "brush it on" the paper strips at all, but had to dab it in splodges, and hope the flies when approaching to land would not distinguish between those parts of the airfield which were O.K. and those which were unserviceable. I did five pieces, hung them up immediately in the kitchen and formally declared them open for clients.

Having waited five minutes without a single customer, though the flies swarmed on everything else, including me, I got bored and went away. Perhaps they were merely shy of sadistic onlookers.

I came back after half an hour, expecting to find my papers as dark with trapped flies as a bonnet with black bugles . . .

Something must have gone wrong. Either I'd boiled the stuff instead of just heating it, or had got the ingredients wrong—too little oil perhaps, fluid drachms instead of fluid ozs.—but not a fly showed on the glistening surface. When I tested it with a finger I understood why. It was glossy and hard as glass. Even as I looked, a fly alighted and, believe me, so far from sticking, it couldn't even get a grasp on the slippery surface. It skidded sideways and fell off, the most surprised fly I'd ever seen.

I destroyed my handiwork furtively before my wife should see, and my only reminder of the fiasco is my best paint-brush, which is still set so hard it can be used as a hammer. Plus an unhappy conviction that there's one caveman at least who wouldn't live long in the jungle if life there is on the flypaper standard.

So thank Heaven for the American loan—if it means flypapers at last in our kitchen. It had better. A. A.



"Game and first set to Bokj . . . Bokjyl . . . Bok . . . anyway Crabtree loses it."

A Home in the Fourth Dimension

"The property is situated in the centre of the ancient Borough of Monmouth, adjoining the Church, within a stone's throw of the Main Street, and 0 miles from Newport, 0 miles from Gloucester, and 0 miles from Cardiff."—House-agent's circular.

At the Pictures

POM-POMS AND TOM-TOMS

THE worst of starting to write a criticism, even if it's only the title, before actually seeing the films you are going to write about, is that you may get let down. Bent on seeing a film about Hiram Maxim and thereafter one set in the African jungle, I thought I could safely count on a burst of automatic fire in the first and some pretty monotonous drums in the second. But Hiram let me down. The nearest he gets to inventing a water-cooled belt-fed machine-gun in this film—and I'm speaking of *A Genius in the Family* (Director: FRANK RYAN)—in fact the nearest he gets to inventing anything that the public are allowed to see, is a pair of curling-tongs.

Of course it is perfectly legitimate to concentrate on the private life of a genius, and one might well be thankful to be spared the big scene in the laboratory when the pipette accidentally boils over on to the linoleum and lo! smokeless blotting paper is born. But if the high lights of a man's career, his genuine achievements, are to be left out, it is still necessary to feel that they are there in the background, or at least that he is capable of them. I never felt that the *Hiram* in this film was capable of anything much; the word "genius" appeared a hopeless overstatement of the case.

Putting its associations with the real Maxim aside, the film could still be good entertainment as a study of the early family life of an unconventional couple. For *Hiram* is of course a creature of impulses—he is, in fact, a "card." But unfortunately DON AMECHE is not a card. He seemed to get no pleasure out of his idiosyncrasies; in fact his single aim appeared to be to look as stodgy as possible throughout.

It is always a pleasure to me to watch MYRNA LOY, and she tilts her head and looks as charmingly out of the corners of her eyes in the costumes of the 'seventies as ever she did in a cocktail dress. But I caught her looking round

once or twice for William Powell to bring her something stiffish.

Cheated of my pom-poms I went on with some anxiety to see *Men of Two Worlds* (Director: THOROLD DICKINSON), and found no lack of tom-toms. The

in England returns to his own tribe and attempts to persuade them to agree to the District Commissioner's plan and move out of the tsetse country, where sleepy sickness is rampant, into newly cleared land. *Kisenga* has to fight not only the influence of the local witch-doctor, *Magole*, but also his own inherited susceptibility to the influences of the jungle, of tribal ritual and the power of suggestion wielded by *Magole*.

But what makes this film so eminently well worth seeing is the restraint with which the story is told. All the obvious temptations of an African setting have been sternly resisted. Here are no sacrificial stones, no forests of spears, no drunken white men, no herds of giraffe (in fact I don't recall a single wild creature, bar one crocodile, from start to finish), no white girl menaced by the cruel knife. The love interest is only barely indicated. In fact the film has something of the dispassionate approach of a documentary, with the result that its sincerity is apparent and the prob-

lem it seeks to put stands out stark and clear. But it isn't dull. The African backgrounds alone are full of interest (the exteriors were shot in East Africa, in face of great difficulties, in war-time) and Technicolor is used with great effect, particularly in the scenes of ritual dances by firelight.

Of the Africans, ROBERT ADAMS plays *Kisenga* with conviction and genuine emotion, ORLANDO MARTINS is an effectively dignified witch-doctor, amply suggesting the powers of evil without overdoing the horrific, while all the minor parts are taken with such natural gusto as to make one forget that these are people performing to order. The Europeans have straightforward parts to play, and play them quietly and without heroics, as the film demands. ERIC PORTMAN is my ideal District Commissioner. He can drink a whisky without bravado, tear a strip off a Chief without striking an attitude, and keep a firm (but strictly metaphorical) hand on PHYLLIS CALVERT, the lady doctor. I should go and see them all.

H. F. E.



J.H. DOWD

[A Genius in the Family]

FILM BIRTH-RATE STEADY

Hiram Maxim	DON AMECHE
Percy	BOBBY DRISCOLL
Jane	MYRNA LOY
Baby	A. N. OTHER

theme is the familiar one of the conflict between scientific knowledge and the age-old superstitions of a primitive people. It is developed in the story of *Kisenga*, an African, who after fifteen years of increasing fame as a composer



J.H.D.

[Men of Two Worlds]

BIG BLACK CHIEF AND MEDICAL ADVISER

Rafi	SAM BLAKE
Magole	ORLANDO MARTINS

"... By Way of Brighton Pier"

"YOU are at London Bridge station," bellows the loud-speaker. "This is London Bridge," it asseverates.

How they do take the fun out of life nowadays, don't they! Not even allowed to guess where you are on the railway! This sort of thing will lead to atrophy of the brain, no less.

Do you remember the dear old games we used to have with the company before these loud-speakers were thought of! The skill and patience you put in to learning that a shout of "any old iron" meant that you had arrived at West St. Leonards, whereas a noise like a horse sneezing meant Hastings, or All Change, or both. And the proud feeling you got when you read that big notice "Change here for Kinnerley. Frequent trains," and remembered that the branch had been closed for years.

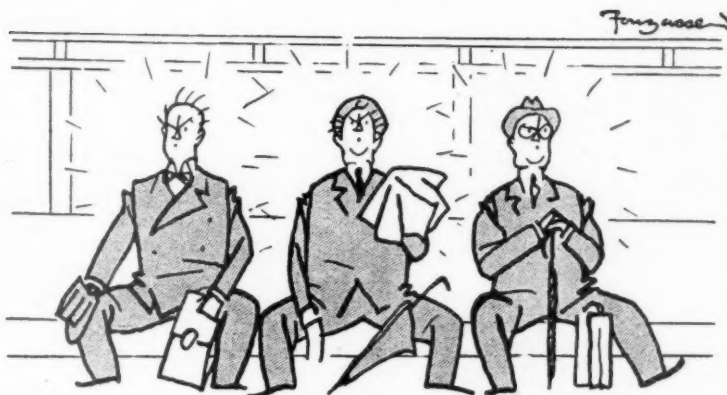
Then that note on your ticket from Scotland—"— to Euston or Kensington"; how many happy hours you spent planning to pull the communication-cord on the Royal Scot at Willesden Junction and demand a train to Kensington!

What about that beautiful jest carved in solid stone outside Blackfriars Station adjuring you to travel thence to Beckenham, Berlin, Berne, or Bromley. Did you go inside and look up the next train to Berlin? You did not; you just screamed with hearty laughter so that the moths rose in clouds from the fur-warehouses in Thames Street. And do you remember that amusing night you spent in the waiting-room at Stirling, because you didn't know that "Ff" meant "Wednesdays only"; and that excruciatingly funny time you arrived so late at the house party near Moffat because you missed the subtlety of that crack about "Stops to set down on informing the guard at previous stop."

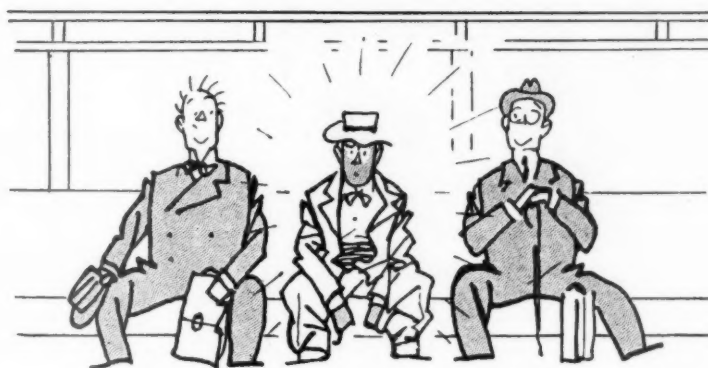
Don't get the idea that this game was one-sided. Oh, no. You got a lot of fun out of asking the booking-clerk for a Commercial Traveller's Return from Tydd Four Gotes to Hindolvestone via Melton Constable, and watching him trying to write all that on one blank ticket.

And you surely haven't forgotten that time at Towyn Town when you insisted on being taken all the way down to the wharf, quoting the Act of 1864, and the driver said he had not enough steam in his boiler; and he

HEAT WAVE



It's strange how we cling to our unsuitable city clothes even when we're simply sweltering with heat: how sensible are those who come out in cool and comfortable Palm Beach affairs—



and swelter with embarrassment instead.

hadn't either, and you helped him push the train back to the town!

Oh, well. That's all over now. These fruitily correct young women will tell you how to go and where to change, and all the fun will vanish. But one of these days I shall climb the steps to the eyrie where that voluble woman at London Bridge sits, and I shall say: "Madam, I dare you to reveal to the assembled multitude that the 5.33 to Allhallows stops at Beluncle Halt on notice being given to the engine-driver at Sharnal Street!"

o o

This Week's Commercial Adjective

"Bentley, 1929. 1½-litre Saloon; stored 8 years; 52,000 miles; very original condition."—*Advt. in Oxford paper.*

On Saving Soles

A Danish letter to the Editor

SIR,—Leather is scarce and soles are expensive. Permit me to draw your attention to an excellent method of saving footwear: namely to take longer steps.

It stands to reason that, when you take twice as long steps, the soles will last the double time.

Still, in this matter, as in most others, you must be careful not to exaggerate. In taking too long steps, it may happen the trousers will burst. This will cause a greater demand for fabrics—and then nothing will be won.

Respectfully yours,

AAGE V. H—.



"So it's you, Ethel! How many times must I tell you not to phone me during working hours?"

Summer Night

WHEN the young moon above the hill
Rises—and all the night is still—
To climb the stairway of the sky,
Then suddenly like water gleams
The lovely landscape known in dreams,
Fondly and fleetingly.

Trees bloom with secret-shining flowers
Where in the still and silent hours
Stars scatter on the upper air;
And the fields stir as endlessly
As the unfathomable sea
When the wind wanders there . . .

It is a scene to set the spirit free
Tossed like a lark in the still air—ah, see
Its citadel, the moon-enchanted sky!
It is a night to cool the cumbered mind
And rinse the senses; it will leave behind
A landscape etched upon the inward eye.

M. E. R.

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

LEST it be thought that my addiction to Belles-Lettres has diverted me for all time from Drama, I am printing a Fragment which I threw off while cycling through Notts looking for Lincs. On the road I had fallen in with a sweet old character who had a mobile printing-press which he took round remote homesteads, thus giving them an opportunity to have visiting-cards and other urban amenities. Now his press had jammed, and he was flagging passers-by to get help. Fortunately, I had a tool-kit on my carrier and soon remedied the trouble, chewing-gum being what it was. To test the machine I then composed this Fragment, all proving well except for a slight tendency to italics.

THE SANDS WERE RUNNING OUT, OR WHEN THE SAHARA
EBBED

(The scene is Literary London: reviewers are in committee.)

DOYEN SPRAGG. *Age Did Not Wither Him* appears to be a fictional biography of the Venerable Bede; but a cursory glance at *Giggling Guru* leaves me still in the dark. Someone will have to read this book.

MUNGO ST. PARK. Dedication?

DOYEN SPRAGG. "To a Pair of Blue Eyes that ever sparkled at 22A, The Road, N.W.17." I'll try the first and last sentences—"Da clambake done gone overdone, Massa Huw," and "So died Tubby, game to the last, an otter in a thousand." I suppose we had better put it in "Forthcoming Books" and forget it.

PRINTER'S DEVIL (outside).

Bobby Brighteyes knows what's what.

His copy's always on the dot.

MAUD PRAUD. "Panizzi's Dome," reprinted from the *Journal of Phrenology*, might do for one of the out-of-town reviewers. I'll do the next one myself—*Tricks With Pigeons*: it has a foreword by Herbert Read.

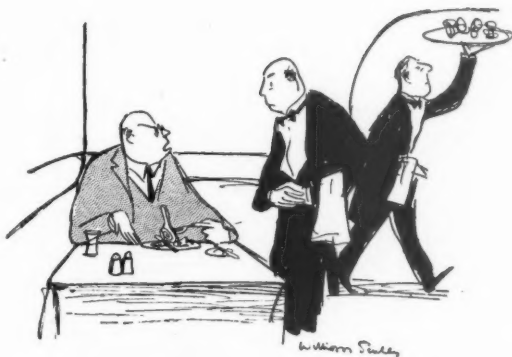
MUNGO ST. PARK. Here's a perfectly enormous volume, in Latin, with five indexes. I suspect it is an edition of something.

FOR FRANCE

THOUSANDS of British soldiers and airmen were helped and sheltered by French civilians during the war. Very often the French families who courageously gave their aid suffered with their lives, their health or their treasure for what they did.

To show that we have not forgotten, it is proposed to buy and equip a villa at Antibes as a Convalescent Home for the children of those who gave help to our fighting men when they most needed it. The French Government has undertaken to maintain the Home once it has been established; all that is required therefore is the initial cost of £25,000.

A fund, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Attlee, has been opened to raise this very moderate sum, and it is felt that there will be many *Punch* readers who will wish to contribute. Donations should be sent to Mrs. Attlee, at No. 10 Downing Street, marked "British Forces Tribute to French Families."



"If this is a mutton chop then it isn't cooked sufficiently."

DOYEN SPRAGG. If the editor attacks anyone in the foot-notes send it to them for review. Otherwise do it yourself; you know—meticulous scholarship, sumptuous production, marvel how it can be done for the price. What is it?

MUNGO ST. PARK. Twenty-two guineas.

DOYEN SPRAGG. Well, it's published mainly in review copies, anyway. Now, who is Lord Haughenskrav, who has been delivered of *Memoirs Grave, Gay and Political*?

MAUD PRAUD. *Who's Who* says, "Educated Eton and privately. While still only Kt., M.P. Spring to Autumn 1884. Has sat much on Coroners' Juries." That's the "Grave," I suppose, but the source of the gaiety is not disclosed.

DOYEN SPRAGG. "Also received," I think.

PRINTER'S DEVIL (outside).

Bobby Brighteyes with a grin
Early sends his copy in.

DOYEN SPRAGG. Now we have *Potpourri*, No. 1. It appears to be a miscellany containing chapters from nine forthcoming novels, notes on the conversation of merry-makers while driving "Dodg'ems," some bills owed by Samuel Palmer, a Revaluation of Hoccleve and action stills of Arnold Haskell. Easy—"We await with interest the second number of this brilliantly edited periodical."

MAUD PRAUD. For *W-n-t-n C-u-c-i-l: A roman à clef*, by Ursula, Lady X, I suggest we get a retired Ambassador—the Foreign Office will probably have some addresses—while *Abstract Lettering* and *The Casting of Cement Statuary* obviously belong to the Art Editor; I'll send them over on his breakfast-tray.

MUNGO ST. PARK. I'll tackle *Three Shakespeare Sonnets With Ninety-five Tailpieces* by Mervyn Peake, but I draw the line at *Rollicking Ragamuffins*—school of *The Good Companions* and *Tropic of Cancer* apparently.

DOYEN SPRAGG. That leaves only *An Album of Wagner Misprints* chosen by Ernest Newman, and *Punctuation for Science Students*; both can go in "For Your Book-list" without further comment.

Enter an AUTHOR

AUTHOR. I have often heard of log-rolling. May we try it? If I mention your name on my book-jacket will

you give me what is called, I believe, a "puff"? My little volume is entitled *Goodness Gracious*, and will be followed by *Well, I Never, You Don't Say?* and *Coo*.

DOYEN SPRAGG. Giant cacti and bicentenarians from Kansas, I suppose?

AUTHOR. Certainly not. Popular economics.

DOYEN SPRAGG. New to the game? I expect they gave you an advance on royalties, didn't they? Well, that is intended to be used on us.

MAUD PRAUD. Have you ever said a word in praise of my dream-children? Twelve volumes of my reprinted racing forecasts, and not a single plaudit from you.

MUNGO ST. PARK. If you want us to say we sat up all night reading your work, you'll have to pay overtime.

AUTHOR. Oh, what flinty hearts!

[Exit

MAUD PRAUD. Bye-bye, Sordid.

DOYEN SPRAGG. Heigh-de-ho, what a difficult life this is! If one were a dramatic critic one could simply make unfavourable comparisons with the giants of one's youth, but I shouldn't survive a month if I compared each new best-seller unfavourably with Hall Caine.

MUNGO ST. PARK. Thank heaven for the French; one can compare absolutely anyone unfavourably with them.

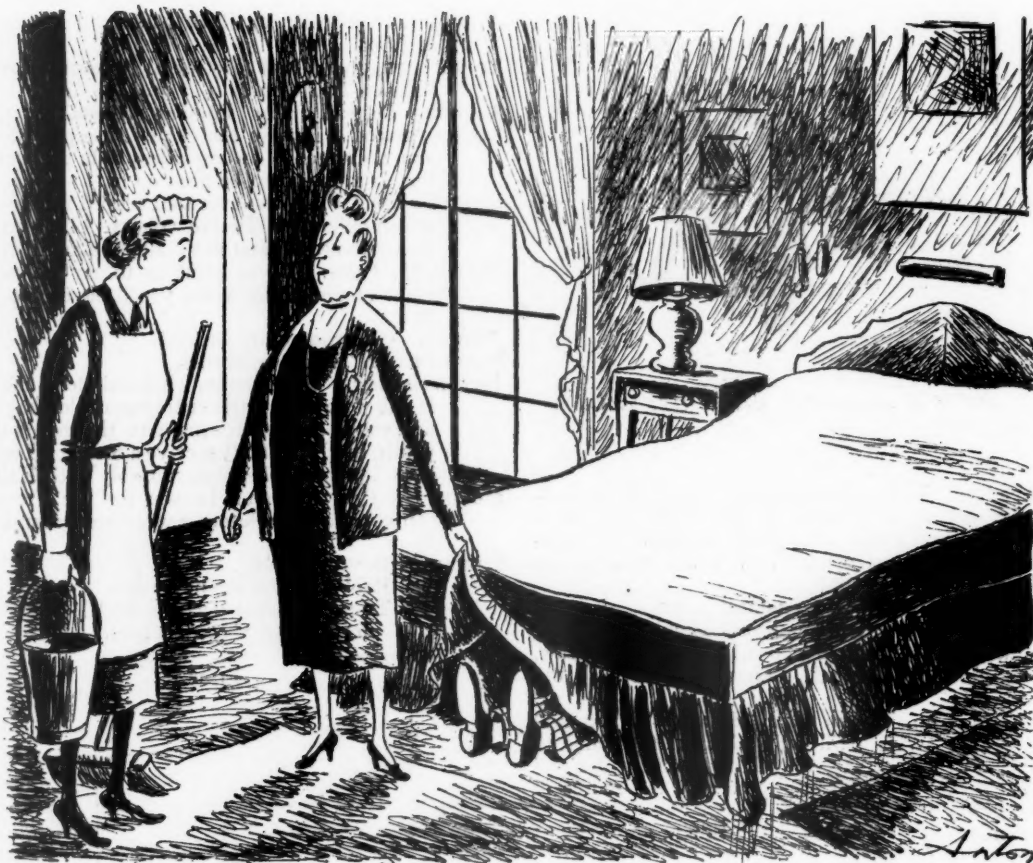
PRINTER'S DEVIL (outside).

Bobby Brighteyes never fails
To realize what delay in the
forwarding of copy entails.

FINIS



"Promise me you'll ring up straight away, darling, and get his name put down for a Falcon Fourteen Saloon."



"For instance—obviously you haven't done under THIS bed."

Ballade of the British Museum Reading Room

THIS is the student's little acre,
This is the bookworm's "Mon Abri,"
The scholar's thirst-for-knowledge-slaker,
The ruminant's pagoda-tree.
From nine to lunch, from lunch to tea
They sit there, trying to invoke
From books existent books to be . . .
And oh, the fierce desire to smoke!

Theosophists, vedantic, quaker,
Mohammedan and C. of E.,
The aged gleaming-domed snuff-taker,
The young care-worn examinee,
The lady don cross-eyed with glee
At some deep attic-salty joke

From gloss or palimpsest (*q.v.*)
But oh, the fierce desire to smoke!

A woman sleeping (do not wake her)
Book-pillowed in seat FF3,
The leader-writer, hack, muck-raker,
Ghost-writer-devil (for a fee);
Cap, turban, full-size beard, goatee . . .
Indeed there's naught so queer as folk
That students of the students see . . .
But oh, the fierce desire to smoke!

Envoi

Prince, you must come along with me
One day when you are feeling broke;
It's warm and restful, and it's free,
But oh, the fierce desire to smoke!



SOWING THE PROMISED LAND

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, July 22nd.—House of Commons: Good Health!

Tuesday, July 23rd.—House of Commons: Outrage is Denounced.

Wednesday, July 24th.—House of Commons: Black Outlook on Coal.

Thursday, July 25th.—House of Commons: Holidays in Sight.

Monday, July 22nd.—Lord HINCHINGBROOKE, the immensely tall and well-dressed Member for Dorset, is nothing if not topical. Walking sedately into the House of Commons this afternoon, he put a parcel on his seat just behind the Opposition Leaders and, when the time came, rose and presented to the House a petition about bread rationing. There was nothing particularly sensational about that, for a procession of Members had presented petitions on the same subject all last week.

But, over the week-end, the rationing scheme had come into force. And Lord HINCHINGBROOKE's little petition (right up to date) asked for the *cancellation* of the scheme.

The noble lord, with a truly lordly bow, handed in the petition, which duly went where all good petitions go.

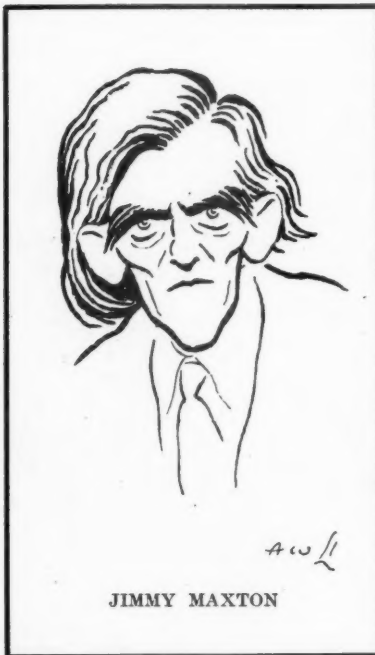
Then Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, President of the Board of Trade, beaming, romped in to answer questions. Petite Miss ALICE BACON got a special cheer when she asked a question about outsize clothes for women, for if ever there was an altruistic question, this, surely, was it. Sir STAFFORD said he was proposing to encourage the making of outsize clothes.

Hardly had he sat down than he was up again to inform Mr. ROBIN TURTON that the tiny ladies of Thirsk could rest assured that the shoe trade would see that there were plenty of size 2 and 2½ shoes for them. Thus great and small were catered for by the benevolent Sir STAFFORD.

Then the House, led by Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, on the one hand, and Mr. HENRY WILLINK, his predecessor, on the other, did battle over the National Health Service Bill, which (according to the blurb) is to make Harley Street accessible to all—at bargain-basement prices. It was a long, technical and confusing discussion, but it seemed to give quite a lot of satisfaction to those who took part.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—When your scribe entered the House of Commons this afternoon, Mr. GEORDIE BUCHANAN, Under-Secretary for Scot-

land, was saying (amid what used to be called tumultuous cheers) that he was in favour of letting the people be happy.



JIMMY MAXTON

It is well known that some Members of the Government find their greatest happiness in the cut-and-thrust of political battle, and most of them



MRS. MICAWBER ON MR. SHINWELL:

"Are coals to be relied upon? Not at all. We have turned our attention to that experiment and we find it fallacious."

David Copperfield, Ch. 28.

seemed to take colleague BUCHANAN at his word. For they hurled themselves with vigour into a series of rows.

First, Mr. GALLACHER made a mild request that Mr. JOE WESTWOOD, Secretary for Scotland, should fight for Scotland's interests in the Cabinet.

Mr. WESTWOOD laughed, but Mr. HERBERT MORRISON was not taking such a reflection on his colleague lying down.

"Mr. Westwood," said the Lord President of the Council, tersely, "makes a better fight for the interests of Scotland than Mr. Gallacher and his political friends make for the rights of Great Britain!"

Which reduced even the resourceful and good-humoured Left-Winger to silence. The rest of the House was far from silent. In fact, it cheered with a new-found unity.

The next battle to commence was even more sudden and surprising. There was an innocent-looking question urging that May 1st—May Day—should be made a public holiday. Not just yet, said Mr. HUGH DALTON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (who seems to take care of everything not the direct concern of Mr. MORRISON); when we have stepped-up our production, perhaps.

Whereupon Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD blandly inquired whether it was proposed that conscientious objectors of the 1914-18 war now in H.M. Government should make speeches on that occasion. Red was perhaps the appropriate colour for the Chancellor to see in the circumstances, and he proceeded to see it with gusto.

Fixing Mr. LENNOX-BOYD with a stern gaze, he spoke of a "malicious and irrelevant" comment from "a friend of an enemy of this country."

The entire House at once joined in the hunt for happiness-through-fury. Mr. QUINTIN HOGG quietly asked Mr. Speaker that an ancient rule should be obeyed and that the words of the Chancellor "should be taken down, that the House may take note of them." But Mr. Speaker thought the rule so ancient that it had ceased to live, and suggested that the incident might be dealt with some other way.

"May we," asked Mr. HOGG, in his best High Court manner, "not ask for your protection?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Speaker, metaphorically turning back his cuffs as he glanced at the Chancellor. "The word 'malicious' is Parliamentary. But 'friend of an enemy of this country' is not. I think that should be withdrawn."

Mr. DALTON rose. "Those who give," he pronounced booming, "must



"... And, in future, all Gaul will be considered as a single economic unit."

expect to get. But if it is judged that my riposte to the honourable gentleman, whose support of the Franco Government is notorious, was slightly over the border-line, I withdraw it."

"I am perfectly prepared," answered ex-Lieutenant LENNOX-BOYD, R.N.V.R., "to leave my loyalty to the judgment of the House."

"Let us," suggested Mr. Speaker gently, "leave it at that!"

There was but one view, however, on the action of terrorists who had, yesterday, blown up the British H.Q. in Palestine, with the loss of many British lives. Jew and Gentile joined in a chorus of condemnation of what Mr. ATTLEE, called a "brutal and murderous crime." Of all the outrages in Palestine, said he, this was the worst and every effort was being made to bring its perpetrators to justice.

"A dastardly and inexcusable outrage," was Mr. ANTHONY EDEN'S description of the affair. Mr. DANIEL LIPSON, himself a Jew, speaking with great emotion, roundly denounced the assassins, and demanded that all Jewry's leaders should do the same.

Further discussion of the National Health Service Bill occupied the day.

Wednesday, July 24th.—The House of Commons this afternoon paid unique tribute to a unique Member. It heard, in silence, a statement from Mr. Speaker that Mr. "JIMMY" MAXTON, the Independent Labour Party Member for Bridgeton, Glasgow—"a very remarkable and lovable colleague"—had died after a long illness. Long-haired, vehement, lovable Maxton—"the Beloved Rebel"—was easily the most popular man in the House, and his death leaves a gap in that assembly that will not be filled for many a year, if ever.

So it was that the House, instead of passing (as was the hitherto invariable custom) to the work of the day immediately after the formal announcement had been made, stood in silence as a tribute to "JIMMY" whose seat was empty.

Their Lordships were able, amid cheers, to welcome a great man to their counsels—Field-Marshal Viscount MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN. With the familiar khaki battle-dress under his ermine and scarlet robe, but with a cocked-hat replacing the two-badged cap, he took his seat. His sponsors were two Lords of the Air, Marshals of the Royal Air Force Lord TRENCHARD and Lord PORTAL OF HUNGERFORD.

In the Commons, the subject of debate was the singularly unseasonable one of coal. Conservatives were gloomy about the prospects, and Mr. SHINWELL, the Minister of Fuel and Power, confirmed their fears to some extent by admitting that Britain's coal stocks were 5,000,000 tons below safety level.

However, it seems that all will be well if we all, including the miners, pull our weight, go to it, and save or dig for victory, as the case may be.

More seasonable was an announcement by Mr. BARNES, the Minister of Transport, that cheap trips are to be restored on the London Passenger Transport system, both rail and road. Sweltering, and, no doubt thinking longingly of green fields and cool shade, Members cheered.

Thursday, July 25th.—Members cheered still more loudly to-day, as it was announced that the summer recess would begin on August 2nd. It has been a gruelling session for all concerned. And honourable Members have certainly "gone to it."

"Two beautiful Tabriz Mugs, 11½ ft. by 8 ft., of rich design and in perfect condition, for sale."—*Advt. in Cheshire paper.*

Yes, but who's going to fill them?



"I say, what luck! Here's one that's never been painted before!"

"H" Hour

"ARE you fifteen or fifty-two, son?" asked the man in the bowler hat as I joined the morning bus queue. I replied I hoped I didn't look a day over thirty, and in any case why did he want to know.

"I don't mean your age," he said, but added unkindly, "under that shocking demob. porker you might be anything. No, son," he went on, "which bus do you want? 15 or 52?"

"15," I said.

"Well," he said, as two 15s roared past without stopping, "seeing that you're just out of the Forces, I'll give you a tip or two. Unless you use your brains, you'll still be here at opening-time."

I pointed out that I was young and strong and had once been a Rugby forward.

"No use that way," he said. "Only get you a black eye—perhaps two. Didn't they teach you in the army to know your enemy, same as we did in the Home Guard?"

"They most certainly did," I said.

"Well, then, son," he continued, "listen to me. You must get to know this queue. It's always the same lot here; been queueing here every morning for months. To begin with, half of these in front are fifty-tuos. That stout party in the blue coat is, so's that gent with the beard and the corduroy pants; so's the blonde and the duchess next her with the brolly."

He indicated many more without any attempt at a whisper and with such a pungency of descriptive epithet, that I was terrified they would hear what he said. When one man, whose

blue chin had received special mention, looked round, I bent down and pretended to tie up a shoe lace.

"Now then," he was saying when I thought it safe to stand up again, "get this into your head. Never let a fifty-two get between you and the curb. These fifty-tuos are a queer lot, for as they can't get on their own bus, they try to stop you getting on yours. So when the bus does come they stand still and peg you in like stakes in a row of peas; d'you follow me?"

I said I did.

"The next thing for you to watch out," he went on, "is that you don't get too near that pair of old girls near the front. See the ones I mean? Heavyweight, grey hair, no hat, and the wiry piece in the beret next her? They link arms when the bus comes

and a V2 couldn't get past them. Now that other woman with the dog. Avoid her. Wretched dog's lead gets tangled round your legs and you've had it. That girl in the light-blue outfit is worth watching. If she is well down the queue she steps out into the road as the bus comes up and forces the driver to stop well out in the street. Gives her a sort of fairway to make a dash for it down before the rest of them realize what she's after. One day I saw her dodge right round the other side of the bus and get on that way—like Monty at Mareth."

He was silent for a bit as the queue stood to for a 15 and a 52. Neither stopped. The queue stood down.

"Just shows you," he said with disgust. "Teaches you to be on your toes when one does stop. It all depends on where he pulls up. Say two come together; 52 in front, ours behind. There's only one thing to do then, son, break for it and run like a mouse with all the cats in Portobello Road after him . . ."

His voice was lost in the uproar as a 52 showed signs of stopping.

"Two inside only," I heard the clippie say before she was swamped. We spent the few minutes watching the bus slowly regurgitate the surplus and listened to a short homily on manners from the clippie.

"Saucy little minx," said a large matron in green as the bus moved off.

"It's a pity men have no manners," said the woman in the beret to the queue in general.

"Same pay as us and our seats on the bus as well—that's women!" said a male voice taking up the challenge from a safe distance.

It looked as if there was going to be an ugly scene, but the arrival of a 15 saved the situation.

I thought I had done well. I had secured a bridgehead on the platform but somehow I failed to consolidate the position. Soon I was being pushed back by the firm arm of an extremely formidable-looking clippie. My late tutor in the bowler hat was standing at the foot of the stairs and showed no signs of getting off.

"Come on," I said. "It's no use."
"Not for you, perhaps," he replied darkly. "I'm different."

To my amazement as I was finally forced to the ground and the bus began to move, he gave the clippie a pat on the back.

"Meet the wife," he said.

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The Die is Broadcast

"What shape is a dice? It is square."
Radio speaker.

The Message in Fiction

ANOTHER thing I have learned about writing is that a novel has much more chance of success if it carries a message. There are so many other things a novel must have—things like plot, characterization, style, chapters and so on—that there is some excuse, perhaps, for the struggling novelist who forgets the message altogether or, what is worse, remembers it so late that it has to be crushed into the last chapter or made into a footnote somewhere. But you can't build best-sellers on excuses. No matter how enjoyable your tale may be, if it is without a message the reader will put it down with a slight feeling of guilt. Her social conscience has not been stirred: she has been left high and dry-eyed without a target for her missionary zeal.

Messages in fiction need be neither long nor explicit, yet many authors find the greatest difficulty in securing one. Well, for such writers there are of course very useful message-finding charts. (Benskin's "Immediate," for example) as well as quite reliable glossaries of needed reforms. Personally I have never used an *aide-memoire* of any kind. I prefer to pick up the subjects for my messages by direct observation of the world about me. Jump on to a bus for a threepenny ride through any one of our great towns and your notebook will be crammed full of likely messages before you reach the next fare stage. You see . . . oh, anybody . . . a commissioner, say, outside a cinema. The resigned immobility of his stance and the sham splendour of his habit hint at some story of victimization. You half-close your eyes and you see the essential soul of the man bobbing about restlessly behind the gold braid and buttons. And as the bus moves on you imagine him falling in the bitter cold of a December night (last performance), sprawling face-down on the steps he knows so well. There is not one person among the thronging crowd to help him. Mud and slush spatter the pathetic fancy dress. An epaulette is kicked loose and trampled underfoot . . . You see what I'm getting at? The germ of the message is right there. It can grow into something that will hold your book together like cement and give it significance.

Did you read my *For One Week Only*? It was built round a suggestion that policewomen should have first-aid boxes strapped to their backs. My best-seller, *Stifled*, *She Says*, was

a plea for lebensraum for kiosk girls. And only slightly less successful was my *Friendly Fingers* with its demand for shooting-sticks for umpires.

Of course you could antedate your message; I mean, you could write prophetically about wrongs that have already been righted. You could write a harrowing story of the sufferings of women without family allowances or of the Bank of England without nationalization. But to do this successfully you need a publisher who doesn't bother to print the date of publication. This stratagem was easy enough in Dickens's day when few people knew whether orphanages and prisons had been reformed or not, and when only a handful of readers had the facts about sweated labour at their finger-tips. The practice was just about safe when Bernard Shaw wrote about widowers' houses, Mrs. Warren and rent-restriction. But I am not so sure that you could get away with it to-day.

A second kind of message, one without any political axe to grind, as you might say, is the message of hope. This takes the form of a paean of praise for courage, humility, toleration, courtesy or any other virtue that may be temporarily in abeyance. Such a message is very difficult to put across, for the reader, shameful materialist that she is, tends to skip your philosophical asides. But if the message of hope is the best you can manage hammer it home in the title and (particularly) on the dust-jacket like this:

THESE GROWING FEATHERS
(A Story of Terrific Courage)

or this:

MAMELUKE OLSEN
(A Tale of Trustworthiness)

But I don't really recommend it.

Oh, by the way, don't try to weave too many messages into one novel. More than two hold up the action and create the impression that the world and its woes are too far gone for remedial action. Readers like to be depressed but not baffled. Hod.

o o

"The only real outsider to whom I feel inclined to award any sort of chance is the 50 to 1 shot, Starway. He will at least be battling on when many of his opponents have finished."—*News Chronicle*.

Won't someone tell him the race is over?

At the Play

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED"
(EMBASSY)

MR. PRIESTLEY'S comedy, of which this is a fair revival, is as English as a steak-and-kidney pudding may one day be again. The reactions of his three Yorkshire couples to the suggestion on their silver wedding-day that they have never been married at all are something so entirely native that the mind rebels at the idea of translating them into the language or customs of any other country. The French might understand at a pinch the wave of new courage which, surging up in *Mr. Soppitt*, nerves him to stand up for the first time to his shrewish wife, the Germans might be brought to comprehend the delight with which *Mrs. Parker* flings away her threadbare loyalty to her pompous mate, but the relationship between *Alderman Helliwell* and his wife, who have spent a quarter of a century in a level and agreeable tug-of-war, is untransplantably a product for home consumption.

It is a very good situation, which Mr. PRIESTLEY exploits with the utmost ingenuity, and although his invention of a young minister let loose on the community while still in ignorance of the limits of his authority is a little thin, it is a springboard at which only a churl would cavil, seeing what it sets in train. Of such a situation almost anyone might have made a good first act, and even a tolerable second, but what is notable is the cunning with which Mr. PRIESTLEY introduces twist after twist to keep the fun going at a hot pace right up to the end. Nothing could be better than his curtain for the second act, which works on the audience like an injection of adrenalin: the news that her three old chums are free men brings *Lottie*, the barmaid from Blackpool, to the scene more swiftly than any vulture, and *Mr. Soppitt* and *Councillor Parker* having prudently denied all recollection of her, the *Alderman*, caught off his guard, is then put to the test. The future depends

on his keeping his head in this moment of awful crisis, and what happens is that he whips round and cries "Lottie!" in a voice of doom. After that the third act is a gilt-edged security.

The usual uncertainty prevails about the Yorkshire accent, but otherwise the cast rises well to the occasion, the *Helliwells* being Miss MURIEL GEORGE and Mr. ALFRED HIRST, the *Parkers* Miss MARY MACKENZIE and Mr. TOM MACAULAY, and the *Soppitts* Miss JOY WOOD and Mr. TREVOR WARD—a gallant sextet. The little maid, who

designed a set whose walls teem with every print and lithograph in whose melancholy company one has ever toyed with a haddock in a country inn.

"VICIOUS CIRCLE" (ARTS)

Fiends still abound. This squalid one-act triangle of an hour in hell is by M. JEAN-PAUL SARTRE and has had a long run in Paris; the translation seems to have been pretty well done by Miss MARJORIE GABAIN and Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD, but, though the piece has a brutal force, I don't feel it takes us very far.

A man and two women, all new recruits, are shut up together to wear out a stifling eternity on back-breaking sofas from the Second Empire, corroding each other by their mutual presence with far more thoroughness than could ever have been achieved by the older gas-light-and-coke methods now apparently abandoned by a far-sighted and economical Devil. *Inès* is a pervert whose hell is that *Estelle* is interested, not in her, but in *Garcin*. *Estelle* is the very opposite; her cross is that *Garcin* is interested only in himself; while *Garcin*, a pacifist who has let his party down and been shot for cowardice (there was also a little wife-torture on the side), finds his punishment in the fact that neither woman is capable of restoring his confidence. To begin with they discuss their fate in a civilized manner, but soon we are up to our necks in a whirlpool of neuroticism in which there



THE BAD COMPANIONS

<i>Estelle</i>	MISS BETTY ANN DAVIES
<i>Garcin</i>	MR. ALEC GUINNESS
<i>Inès</i>	MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN

irrupts frequently like a pocket typhoon, is played with great spirit by Miss JULIE MORTIMER, and Miss AUDREY NOBLE makes *Lottie* an authentic visitor from the colourful world of port-and-lemon. As the revolutionary char Miss EILEEN TURNER comes in like a splash of vitriol and as the inebriate photographer Mr. JAMES PAGE combines the dignity of a natural philosopher with a focus which grows dimmer every minute. His nonsequential conversation (if I may mint a phrase) with *Lottie* is a grand bit of fooling. The producer was Mr. CHARLES FARRELL, and Mr. GEORGE PADDON FOSTER has

is very plain speaking, no Queensberry conventions, adults only, and all that. Mr. PETER BROOK skilfully varies this attack on our sensibilities and contrives some good moments, as for instance when the victims force the door open in a wave of terror but return in greater terror to remain in the room; and his curtain, which comes down very slowly on the calm following an awful paroxysm of ghoulissh laughter, is extremely effective. Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN, Miss BETTY ANN DAVIES, and Mr. ALEC GUINNESS put the piece across expertly enough, and yet, though it can hardly fail to hold, it touches one scarcely at all. ERIC.



"Are these metronomes of any real help to your driving, Chidwick?"

"Lunchenette"

(Advertised at a small café.)

TIS doubtless but a simple meal,
A modified repast, and yet
Can you ignore the soft appeal
Of "lunchenette"?

Luncheon. The word is trite. We find
The suffix *-ette* where'er we go,
But 'twas a large inventive mind
That dropped the *-o*.

Tack *-ette* to "luncheon." Does it bite?
Has it the true poetic ring?
It hasn't; "lunchenette" is quite
Another thing.

Not lightly would one eat or drink
Of such; if drawn the thirst to slake,
The pangs to stay, I rather think
One would partake.

For here is elegance, a grave
Refining spell, a purer air;
The patron would, I feel, behave
His best in there.

I saw it at the day's decline,
That notice put so calmly up,
About the time when people dine
Or, haply, sup.

So I passed on, nor entered through
Th' inviting portal; truth to tell,
I was not conscious if they do
One fairly well.

But there's a call I inly feel
And, ere another sun has set,
I must essay that novel meal
Called "lunchenette." DUM-DUM.



"Bother! I've read it!"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Shaw, Yeats and Florence Farr

IN a prefatory note to *Florence Farr, Bernard Shaw, W. B. Yeats: Letters* (HOME AND VAN THAL, 7/6), Mr. CLIFFORD BAX narrates the circumstances in which these letters to Miss Farr from Shaw and Yeats came into his possession. Florence Farr, Mr. Bax writes, had her great moment as an actress when Mr. Shaw persuaded her to play Rebecca in Rosmersholm. But she was of too divided a nature to succeed permanently in any one vocation; and having decided to leave Europe for Ceylon, where she entered a Vedantist seminary, she sent Mr. Bax a black box, which contained these letters and which he was empowered to open on her death. Miss Farr, Shaw writes, was "in violent reaction against Victorian morals"; and it appears that both Shaw and Yeats played a part in this reaction. Of the two, so far as one can judge from these letters, Shaw was the more ardent. In one letter, indeed, he reproaches her quite vehemently for not keeping an appointment. "When my need was at its highest, my weariness at its uttermost, my love at its holiest, I found darkness, emptiness, void." However, his punctuation remains precise, and a letter which contains three colons is not the outpouring of a soul in torment. The chief difference between the two correspondents is that Shaw is interested in Miss Farr's career, and overflows with advice and admonition, vividly and humorously conveyed; whereas Yeats seems but dimly aware of his correspondent, and wanders dreamily about in a private world, with its own rules for spelling English.

H. K.

"C. W. B."

It was characteristic of C. W. B. of *The Times* that his best-known poem, on the troops of 1914 "faring to Flanders," should suggest the lilt and spirit of "Agincourt."

All the *Poems by C. W. Brodribb* (MACMILLAN, 6/-), compiled here by his colleagues, exhibit this sense of an enduring English tradition; and the fact that their author was a fine classical scholar rather abets than hinders their national sentiment and craftsmanship. Prefacing them, Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN tells how some of his own stanzas appearing in *The Times Literary Supplement* were succeeded in the next number by an animated Latin rendering by "C. W. B."; and much of the present book owes its piquancy to an interplay of Saxon vocabulary and Augustan technique. You feel that the poet is perhaps a thought too unconcerned about the brutal background of his favourite eighteenth century and its latter-day vestiges. But his faith carries weight—it was, after all, Aristotle's view that no rhetorician's argument is so effective as that of his own character. On private as well as public occasions—as in "The Scholar to the Ashes of his Library" and "St. Paul's Day, 1925"—"C. W. B." can be both moving and monumental. For even the monumental-to-order can be moving, as Michelangelo testified long before occasional verse in *The Times* was born or thought of.

H. P. E.

Miss Crusoe Returns in War-Time.

Persons of "the age of all the world" should welcome *Miss Ranskill Comes Home* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 8/6), for Mrs. BARBARA BOWER, known so happily to most of us as that BARBARA EUPHAN TODD who gave us the delight of knowing Worzel Gummidge, has chosen as her heroine a lady in her early forties. Readers of contemporary fiction are trained to believe that life ends, at least for women, some time before that, but Miss Ranskill finds the most eventful part of her career right there. She has been spending the last four years on a desert island with a ship's carpenter as sole, and very good, companion, and now, just as he has finished building the boat in which they are to get away, the poor lady is left alone to conduct that fine soul's funeral. That done, she starts the projected boat-journey by herself, and eventually, having been picked up at the end of her tether by the Royal Navy, comes home to more adventures in an England strangely altered since she left it by years of total war. Some incidents, the meeting of carpenter and lady, whose provenance is not the same, on the same desert island and the lack of formality in Miss Ranskill's disembarkation in England, are to be taken on trust, but beyond that this is an altogether first-rate piece of work, very funny and deeply moving, and quite unlike most of the novels of our day; which, after all, when you consider Mrs. BOWER's record, was only to be expected of her.

B. E. S.

The Trollopes

This literary collaboration between a mother and a son, Mrs. LUCY POATE STEBBINS and Mr. RICHARD POATE STEBBINS, has produced a faithful and thorough study of *The Trollopes* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 18/-). Of the three Trollopes more particularly celebrated in this chronicle of a writing family, Anthony was, of course, the most gifted and famous; but his elder brother, Thomas Adolphus, was hardly less voluminous and was highly esteemed, if only in Italy, for his contributions to Italian history; and Frances, their mother, was almost as prolific as both her sons together. With all her faults of volatility and extravagance, she was a woman of extraordinary energy and courage, and the story of how at fifty she applied herself to the task of repairing the family fortunes with her pen is one of the most remarkable in the history of literature. Anthony himself does not emerge from this study as a very sympathetic or attractive character. His childhood was

unhappy. Thomas was his mother's favourite; Anthony was neglected at home, despised at Harrow as a day-boy, and frequently thrashed by Thomas when he joined him at Winchester. In later years, when he took to hunting and proved himself a capable man of affairs, he indemnified himself for past humiliations by assuming an overbearing and even ferocious manner. The final impression left by this able if somewhat diffuse study is that Anthony Trollope did much less than justice to his undoubted genius as a writer through his desire to assert himself as a man.

H. K.

The Cat on the Chessboard

Professor G. M. Trevelyan's contention that for millions of Englishmen the divorce from nature has been made absolute is quoted twice in Dr. C. E. M. JOAD's new book. But there is, in the latter's view, just a chance that some accommodation may be arrived at, and that the townee may be re-educated to appreciate the land his tentacular embraces have alienated. There are forty odd millions of him and only nine hundred thousand agricultural labourers—to few of whom he is *persona grata*. In the two hundred years that remain before he may drop—it is thought—to six millions, his original heritage will be ruined if he has not learnt to respect it. *The Untutored Townsman's Invasion of the Country* (FABER, 8/6) recalls, very delightfully, a pedestrian's exploration of what was England; paints the present situation—reinforced by Mr. THOMAS DERRICK's illustrations—unsparingly; and suggests vigorous measures to turn the next crucial years to account. There are grateful variants on current propaganda: country schools for town schools, reconditioned old towns as against new satellites. Stimulating as it is, the book suffers from its lack of concern for the primary purposes of the countryside; and from a certain academic callousness towards indigenous culture which ranges Dr. JOAD with the Butlin Camp against the whole of Welsh Wales. H. P. E.

Lucifer Carries his Bat.

There are visionaries who read *Wisden* in their bath, just as there are others who wake up early to intoxicate themselves with *Bradshaw*; but the plainer man, content to drop in at Lord's with no more religious fervour than he feels over catching a train, will find Mr. HAROLD HOBSON's *The Devil in Woodford Wells* (LONGMANS, 8/6) overweighted with the leathery statistics of cricket. He may well feel also that Mr. HOBSON, otherwise so eminently tactful, grows fulsome on the subject of his heroine, upon whose charms and graces his hero is never tired of expanding. But these are the only no-balls in a first novel of exceptional promise. It is a very odd piece of work. Mr. HOBSON is evidently soaked in Max Beerbohm, he has a lively imagination and he is already a master of the baffling art of the digression. His hero is a journalist who, delving into the peculiarities of a certain cricket-match of 1808, encounters a muffled figure claiming to be the Enoch Soames of Max's *Seven Men*. This undiaphanous and engaging spook has never heard of Hitler but talks entrancingly of books and the theatre and is on furlough, he explains, from hotter parts. Although cricket is not his game he is able to help with the mystery, a nether colleague being one of the protagonists of 1808, and to round off the picture he is good enough to introduce to the journalist's home a visitor in a red waistcoat who has sources of information which few philosophers have dared deny. Mr. HOBSON manipulates this fantasy with a very light hand, setting it skilfully against a serene domestic background and enlivening it with mental excursions in all directions which are as remarkable for their erudition as for their wit.

E. O. D. K.

Under Their Skins

African Journey (GOLLANCZ, 9/-), by Mrs. ESLANDA GOODE ROBESON (wife of the singer and actor), is an account of a pilgrimage of discovery which she undertook with her small son to the land of her origin, in order to find out the right in an abiding argument—"The white American South says the negro is ignorant, and has a low standard of living; the negro says the South won't give him adequate schools or decent wages." She thought that in Africa she would have the chance of discovering whether or not the negro mind is as primitive as it is hoped to be, so she began by going to Capetown (where she was shocked by the Colour Section, known as District VI) and thence to Kenya, Uganda and the Congo. As a travel story, particularly in the parts describing the Pigmies and a visit to King Mukama of Toro, the book is fascinating. Mrs. ROBESON writes well and is a most excellent photographer. Her comments on the colour bar make uncomfortable reading. It is not pleasant to hear of the conditions in which a native miner works with, perhaps, at the end a bonus ranging from £1 to £20 for "permanent partial disablement" and the perpetual risk of pneumonia as a "minor ailment." She is frank about the "isolationist policy" she maintained in order to avoid snubs from white people, and the little boy was equally dignified—"If you don't want me to play, say so. But if I play I always get my turn, understand?" The question she raises is, do the negroes get their turns in their own land, and to answer it would require great knowledge. The author is not always logical, is naturally biased, but always merits attention.

B. E. B.





"Don't worry—not even laddered."

Ugly Scene in Dartmouth Street

BIG BEN uttered near us, to mark my third hour in the queue. We were now entering the historic Room No. 7, in which a dense mass of bodies volunteering for export stood stagnantly propped against one another.

"I hated giving up 'We, Anthony Eden,'" said a woman in front.

"I dare say 'We, Ernie Bevin,' will look quite friendly," said a woman in front of her.

"'We, Ernie Anything,' would look wonderful if we could only get a glimpse of it," grunted a leathery old gentleman sitting behind me on a shooting-stick. "But there I go again. We mustn't get impatient. It only plays into their hands."

"I'm sure I don't know why they don't let us use our old ones until they're full," put in a bottle-blond whose tresses were caught up in a map of the Pacific, upside down and tied in a loose sheepshank.

"I can tell you that," said the old gentleman, genially. "It is a question of public discipline. We English are become lamentably soft, having had nothing to put up with for so long, and our clever rulers have realized that the very thing for us is to hang about all day waiting for a man to put a rubber-stamp on a thing like a milk-book. There is nothing so entirely character-forming."

One of the women, who had a nice, fair mind, looked round doubtfully. "You could have done it by post," she objected.

"And I understand they rush it through in a month," replied the old gentleman, taking snuff from a beautiful little silver box. "But then you would miss the spiritual benefits only to be found in the temple of Patience."

Life had died in the fishy eyes in front, many of which had in fact been closed for some time. At the far end of the room a knot of officials, who

seemed by their demeanour to be in mourning for some grand calamity, possibly the repeal of the Corn Laws, sat soberly in a stout cage passing documents through the bars and occasionally shouting out the name of Jenkins, but without, it appeared, much hope.

"They're very short of staff."

"Then they ought to bring in German prisoners."

"I rather doubt if German prisoners could be expected to possess the delicate balance of mind which is called for by such decisions as whether a man standing five feet nine and a half inches in his socks and born in Bootle in 1886 with mouse-coloured hair and a slight stoop can reasonably demand to visit his step-aunt in Nicaragua," murmured the old gentleman.

"The staff are doing their best. It's the place!" grumbled a tall man in line astern. "Just look at it!"

"Come, come, sir," cried the old gentleman, crisply. "I have always considered our Passport Office to be the very cream of the Abattoir Period of English interior decoration. Its lines stand for all we most hold dear. I always bring my American guests in here on our way to the Victoria and Albert and the Tower, and I tell them this was the very spot where their fellows got their passports for the *Mayflower*, and we're proud to say it hasn't been touched since. I know of no better introduction to the English character."

"It's utterly unsuited to handling mobs," the tall man insisted.

"Ah, but who would have expected anyone to want to leave England, and just when we are so victorious and free and comfortable? Have some snuff!" urged the old gentleman, handing me his box. I took a pinch of rich black T.N.T. which instantly lived up to its appearance. "And kindly pass it up the queue. If we can get everyone in the room sneezing it may have a kind of jet-propulsion effect on 'We, Ernie Bevin.'"

The snuff-box circulated steadily, leaving an immense convulsion in its wake. But the expert rhythms in the cage would have continued unimpaired even on the beach at Bikini.

"You see the lady with the small washing-basket on her head?" pointed an arm in blue check. "She brought her breakfast and ate it on the doorstep."

"I've brought my lunch," the old gentleman said. "And I don't mind telling you I've brought a flask as well."

"Then I shall come over queer about twelve," I told him.

"I never throw alcohol away medicinally. Let us see what a little singing will do. 'Land of Hope and Glory,' with its poignant reference to 'Mother of the Free,' might have a tonic effect."

He led off in a quavering baritone, beating time with his shooting-stick, and soon the song was tumultuously taken up. The roof of the Passport Office was beginning to flutter when a posse of retired warriors with stripes on their trousers and ancient teapots in their hands begged us courteously to desist.

"I feared as much," gasped the old gentleman, mopping his brow with a huge snuff-proof handkerchief. "Even song, the glad outpouring of the human heart, is now to be controlled. At home I have two revolvers."

"A suicide-pact in protest?" I asked eagerly, for it was very hot.

"Suppose you and I were to go and

get them and came back in masks and forced our way to the *guichet* and snooped all the milk-books in the kitty and took them away to quiet and licensed premises and when we had found ours put the rest in a sack and dropped it somewhere convenient,

say the Ritz or the Battersea Hostel for Decayed Gentledogs?"

"I can see an immediate objection," I said.

"So can I," admitted the old gentleman, sitting back on his shooting-stick again with a long sigh. ERIC.

The Pie Lane Paper-hanger

JOE PENNYHOUGH went to the war with the last of the wall-paper and is due for demobilization at a time when it is beginning to trickle through again. There are even a few new pattern-books about, although they are not as voluminous as in pre-war days. They seem little thicker than a gourmandizing plaice, and if you want to see the one, say, for south-east Lancashire you have to visit the headquarters of the wall-paper company where it is chained to a lectern. And the colours are not yet too varied. They move, diminuendo and crescendo, to and from a medium-brown and a gooseflesh-blue. What Joe Pennyhough will think of the situation it is difficult to say, for he has been in the Far East during the hiatus. Before he went there were still some of those pattern-books a countrywoman could stand on to reach down a ham. Joe was all for wall-paper. He was the best paper-hanger ever known in Pie Lane. Even the oldest inhabitant allows that, and he reckons he can go back to the time of the old Cotton

Famine when money was so tight that people had to have their wall-paper turned. Yes, he has known them all, has the oldest, from "Bedroom-roses" Bates to a travelling paper-hanger who once alighted on the village and was magnificent when sober but who insisted on putting the border next to the skirting-board after his tenth pint.

As a boy Joe was the youngest of a family of seven. Had a stick been laid across all their heads it would have canted no more than ten degrees. As Joe's father happened to be at the coal-face when the Stirr Pit blew up, the widow had to push her youngest out to work as quickly as possible to fill the gap left by her older children who were getting married very young. Joe's first job was that of lather-boy to Nat Briscoe, the village barber, who wasn't above doing a singe with a lighted newspaper if out of tapers. Nat also trained homing pigeons and possessed a red hen that knew every steeple from Bournemouth. She was a temperamental bird and would allow no one but Joe to feed her. Indeed, on



"... Then there's this ruddy queuing business ..."

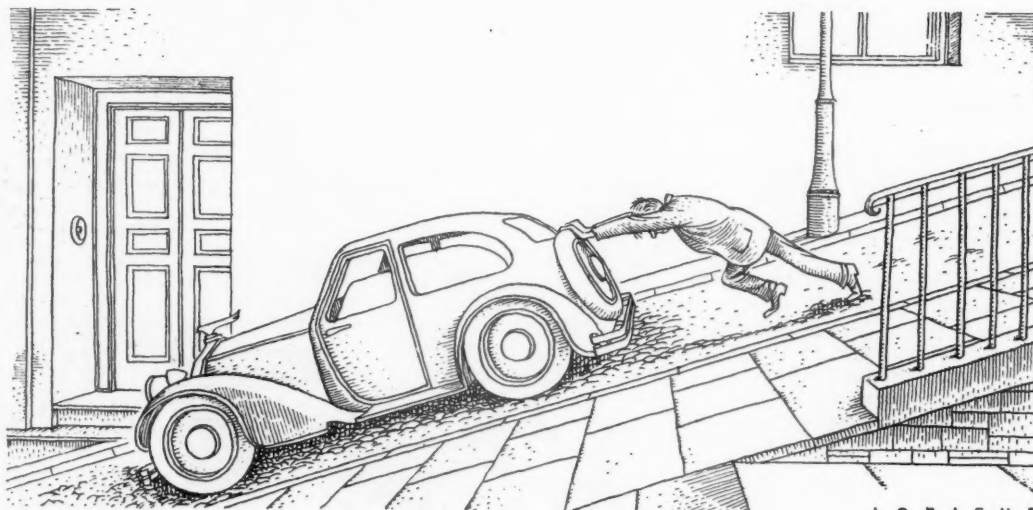
the eve of the race for the championship Nat wanted Joe to sleep in the loft with the red hen in case someone tried to nobble her. Finally, she never returned from a race, and later Nat knew that he had lost her for ever, since he identified her on a ledge of Manchester Town Hall, lotus-eating with the other pigeons. After Joe left the barber hurriedly through over-zeal—he achieved an edge resembling hoop-iron in a private attempt to strop Nat's best razor—he secured a job at a jam factory. But his heart was never in the work, and although youths of his own age passed up the ladder to Raspberry and Gooseberry and onward to Full Strawberry or even Black-currant, Joe never rose beyond Unstoned Damson. So he saved until he was able to set up as a paper-hanger, having practised at home first of all on straight walls and thenceforward to the interior of the cistern cupboard and the wedge-tip of the sloping pantry.

It was his niche. It was good to see Joe at work. At this period he was an ungainly young man, positively without personality, but the glimmer of artistry was within him. How eagerly did he set out in the morning, especially to a difficult job—piling his ladders and planks on the hand-cart, looking neither to right nor left and dashing through the traffic lights on the orange! The jointures of each roll he put on a wall were perfect. Never did he permit

an overlap, and the scrolls and flowers of his patterns were faultlessly outlined and not looking as though they were kept together by a slide which had been pushed up a quarter of an inch. Although he scrambled to his work he had patience with his paste. Having poured hot water on to the flour he stirred until the right consistency was attained, first briskly until he achieved a miniature maelstrom, and gradually dwindling to a slow evenness which occasionally had a soporific effect. For the first year he toiled for hours ferreting out lumps until the idea of a sieve occurred to him. And he liked to whistle while he worked, the tunes being evoked subconsciously through association. Any average reader of detective fiction would have known what sort of a pattern Joe was putting on when he or she heard something from *Lilac Time* being emitted from a boudoir or "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" from a bathroom.

Joe never fell in love or married, he was all for his art. Naturally, since he has been away he has written to friends in Pie Lane, giving his best regards and asking how his brushes and other paraphernalia are keeping. Once he sent a photograph showing himself and two other soldiers emerging from a monastery. Joe looks in a pensive mood, as though, having regarded the bare walls of the interior, he was thinking of what he could have done

given the opportunity and his tackle. When wall-paper vanished entirely there was a great reluctance to write and tell him, but at the first signs of its reappearance cablegrams were flashed, since many have a liking for Joe. As has been said, what his reactions will be we do not know; but we soon shall, for he is due in England any day now. About time, too, because the Ministry which commandeered the Sunday-school cricket-field has departed and taken its piles of timber with it. The pitch is coming up nicely, but the pavilion is left for Joe. Apart from his gift for finding a ball in long grass having made him one of the best outfielders the club ever had, Joe looked after the pavilion; painted it in gay green-and-white stripes, scrubbed its floor and looked to the roof-felting. He was unorthodox in one respect though, and he was firm about it. The dressing-rooms are different from those of most other cricket pavilions, they are wall-papered. For the last seven years the paper on our dressing-rooms has been a light-green relieved by squiggles of brown-and-yellow border paper descending from the top. This often gives visiting batsmen coming in from the sunlight the strange impression that they are at the bottom of a lake. But art is art when all is said and done; and by whatsoever tunnel a man enters its labyrinth, that will he follow always.



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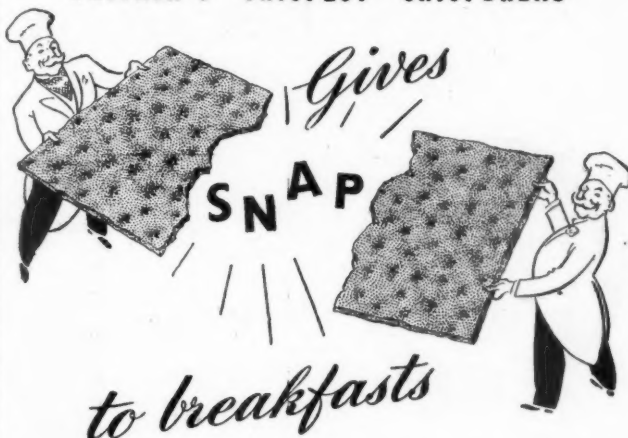
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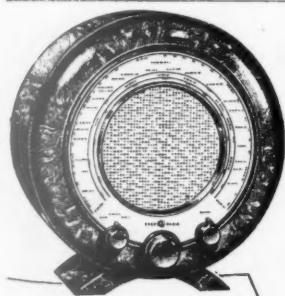
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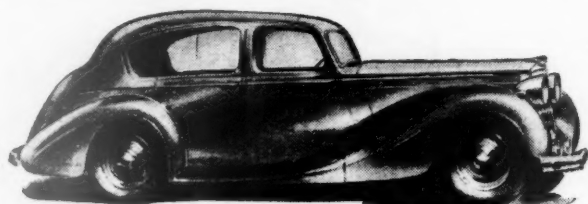
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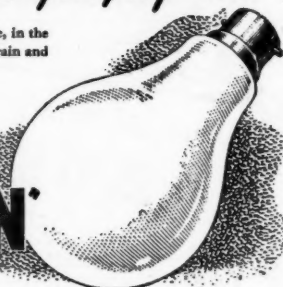
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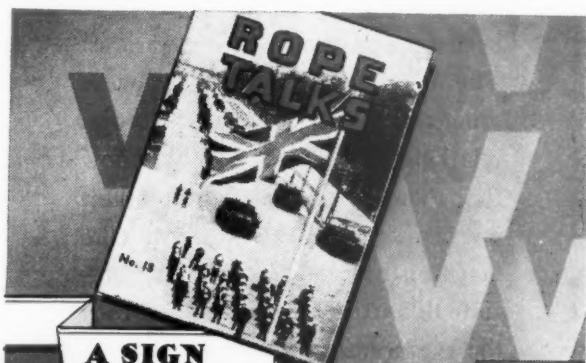


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